

Home Circle.

A DEAR FIVE CENTS.

Some years ago there lived in New York a shrewd old merchant named Aymar. He used to receive cargoes of mahogany and logwood, which were sold at auction. On one occasion a cargo was to be sold at Jersey City, and all the hands started from the auctioneer's room to cross the ferry. When they were going through the gate, Mr. Aymar noticed one of the largest buyers slip through without paying five cents fare. He told the auctioneer not to take a bid from that man.

"Why?" said the auctioneer. "I thought he was good."

"So did I," answered Mr. Aymar, "but I have changed my mind, and I will not trust him one dollar."

A few months proved the accuracy of the judgment of Mr. Aymar, for the slippery merchant failed, and did not pay five cents on the dollar.

It does not follow by any means that business disaster will come as a retribution to a dishonest trader, but this is certain—a man who will steal even so trifling a sum as would pay his fare on a horse car or ferryboat will be likely to cheat you out of a larger sum if he finds a safe opportunity. —*Kansas Chautauqua.*

BE GOOD TO MOTHER.

I hope my little boy and girl readers will be careful to take care of their mothers, if they are fortunate enough to still have her.

You will never understand, until older, how much of her life force is being spent each day in thinking and working for you, and how, when sickness lays her heavy hand upon her, or removes her from the home for the time, still the anxiety for your welfare is ever present.

In a recent visit to a hospital, I was talking to a sick mother there, and pointing to the picture of two little boys, she sadly told of the long month she had been away from them, with still two months' stay ahead of her, and you could see and feel the heart ache under the smile, as she told me that her little six-year-old boy was so restless at night. It was always her care to cover him; and "since I've been sick the nurse finds me so often sitting up in bed fumbling about the bed-clothes, covering, in my dreams, the little boy, three hundred miles away," and she added, "I wrote little Alva about it, and the brave boy quickly pointed out a letter saying:

"DEAR MAMMA:—Don't get uncovered thinking about me. Grandpa tucks me in so tight every night. Try to get well, quick, and come home.

"Yours, lovingly, "ALVA."

And this suffering face was softened with the tenderest love-light as she held the little note that told her boy was concerned for her safety, and was showering upon her the care and love so dear to a mother's heart.

HOW TO BE GREAT.

In the Boulton's household it was a regular custom for each child in turn to read aloud a verse from the Scripture Calendar every morning just before breakfast, and then tear off the page.

"A thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past," read Lewis on Monday morning. "Why, ten people would have to live to be a hundred to make up that long time!" he exclaimed as he finished reading. "We should all be patriarchs to the people who will be living a thousand years from now."

"It wouldn't matter much that we were patriarchs if only our names were remembered as Abraham, David and many other great men have been remembered," suggested Lewis' father. "If we look back even over the last thousand years there are many men whose names are famous now, who perhaps thought while they lived that they were no more important than we think we are."

"How can we be remembered, father?"

"By trying to do all the good we can in the world and giving our hearts to God so that he can lead us to greatness.—*Apples of Gold.*"

THINGS EVERY BIBLE READER SHOULD KNOW.

A day's journey was about twenty-three and one-fifth miles.

A Sabbath day's journey was about an English mile.

Ezekiel's reed was nearly eleven feet.

A cubit was nearly twenty-two inches.

A hand's breadth is equal to three and five-eighths inches.

A finger's breadth is equal to one inch.

A shekel of silver was about fifty cents.

A shekel of gold was eight dollars.

A talent of silver was five hundred and thirty-eight dollars and thirty cents.

A talent of gold was thirteen thousand eight hundred and nine dollars.

A piece of silver, or a penny, was thirteen cents.

A farthing was three cents.

A mite was less than a quarter of a cent.

A gerah was one cent.

An ephah, or bath, contained seven gallons and five pints.

A hin was one gallon and two pints.

A firkin was about eight and seven-eighths gallons.

An omer was six pints.

A cab was three pints.—*The Bible Reader.*

DIARY OF A RUMSELLER.

Monday.—Took ragged Bill's last dime for whisky.

Tuesday.—Had a visit from Charlie Piper, who swore off three months ago and signed the pledge; gave him three drinks on tick.

Wednesday.—That poor nervous fool, Dick Plaster, who gets wild and nervous after one drink, came in to-day; sold him a quart. P. S. Hear he killed his wife in a drunken rage.

Thursday.—Johnny Slogan's wife begged me never to sell another drop to him. She cried till I promised. P. S. Sold him enough this very day to make him smash furniture and beat his children—ha! ha! ha! Business is business.

Friday.—Phil Carter had no money; took his wife's wedding ring and silk dress for an old bill; sent him home gloriously drunk.

Saturday.—Young Sam Chap took his third drink to-day. I know he likes it, and will make a speedy drunkard, but I gave him the value of his money. His father implored me to help break up the practice before it becomes a habit, but I told him if I didn't sell it some one else would.

Sunday.—Pretended to keep the Sunday law to-day, but keep open my back door. Sold beer and wine to some boys, but they'll be ashamed to tell of it. Bet my till is fuller to-night than the church baskets are.

N. B. My business must be respectable, for real gentlemen patronize my bar—and yet, I guess I won't keep a diary, for these facts look very queer on paper.

THE tiny ray of sunshine which stole in through the crack of the shutter yesterday wrote with its golden pen these words upon the darkness within: "There is a great big world of sunshine just like me outside." Don't keep sunshine barred cut from your soul. Open wide the shutters. Do not interpret the meaning of life from the darkness, but from the sunshine which falls upon it. The joy of yesterday which crept into your clouded life points you to a world that abounds with it. The satisfaction you felt to-day upon doing that good turn for another was a drop to the ocean of satisfaction you will find if you make every other day just like this.—*Ram's Horn.*

LET no unworthiness scare the children of God. Parents love their children, and do them good not because they see that they are more worthy than others, but because they are their own.

God helps men who work for him.